

KELLEY, STIGER & CO.,

COR. FARNAM AND 15th STREETS

Extraordinary Sale of CLOAKS

FOR the next ten days we will offer our entire stock of CLOAKS and FURS at a discount from regular prices of 20 and 25 per cent.

25 Per Cent Discount on All Plush Garments.

20 Per Cent Discount on All Cloth Garments and Furs.

KELLEY, STIGER & CO.

Our regular customers will remember that we had a similar sale last year, at which we sold out all of our old cloaks. At this sale we offer you nothing but new and desirable goods, every garment perfect in fit and finish. At our regular prices, these cloaks were cheap, but at a discount of 20 and 25 per cent from regular prices, we are giving you the greatest bargain we have ever offered.

KELLEY, STIGER & CO.



25 Per Cent off on All Plush Garments

Plush Sacques in all sizes, 42 inches long, made of the finest plush, regular prices **\$19.75, \$30, \$38 and \$47**
At this sale we give a discount of 25 per cent from regular prices.

Plush Jackets 27 inches long, satin lined, new and stylish, regular prices **\$10, \$13, \$19.50, \$22.50 and \$25**
All go at this sale at a discount of 25 per cent.

Ladies' Dolman Plush Wraps
Very stylish garments--At a discount of 25 per cent from regular prices.

20 Per Cent off On All FURS.

Ladies' Fur Capes,
In Beaver, Persian Lamb, Nutria, Wool Seal, Cape Seal, all go at 20 per cent from regular prices.

Ladies' Muffs,
In all the popular furs, at 20 per cent off for this sale.

All Kinds of Fur Trimmings at a Discount of 20 Per Cent.

Misses' AND Children's Cloaks and Jackets
In Stripes, Plain, Plaids, Rough and Figured Goods, Long Cloaks with plaited skirts, Gretchen and Newmarkets, Jackets with reefer and blazer fronts. Your choice at 20 per cent discount from marked prices.

20 per cent off on All Cloth - Jackets AND CLOAKS.

LADIES' CLOTH JACKETS
In beaver, diagonal, cheviot, and broad-cloth, are this season's goods--Also Reefers, vest front and tailor made, at \$5, \$7, \$10, \$12, \$15, \$19.50, \$22.50, \$25 and \$35. Your choice for 20 per cent less than regular prices.

LADIES' NEWMARKETS
In a large assortment of cloths, all the latest shapes, tight fitting, half fitting and loose fronts--Also some very handsome Redfern cloaks in this lot all at 20 per cent less than regular prices.

LADIES' DOLMAN WRAPS
In camel's hair cloth, corkscrew, and a few fine imported novelties, everything in this lot at a discount of 20 per cent.

A DEAD MAN'S DOUBLE LIFE.

It is Revealed at His Grave to the Two Women He Had Wronged.

WERE TRUE SISTERS IN MISFORTUNE.

An Old Slave's Romance--Love, Plush Oil and Lamp Black--A Woman's Unique Revenge--Lochlavar of Oklahoma.

One morning, in the spring, the day clerk of a large hotel in Atlanta entered the office and glanced over the register to note the arrivals of the night before, writes Wallace P. Reed in the Atlanta Constitution.

"Father queer," he said to himself. "Here is Mrs. John Ellington registered from New Orleans, and here on the next page is Mrs. John Ellington from Boston."

He turned away to answer a question from the bookkeeper and forgot all about the matter.

At 10 o'clock that same morning a pretty little brunette opened the door of room No. 225 and looked out. Her sombre black dress and sad face told the story of a recent sorrow. The lady was Mrs. John Ellington of New Orleans.

While she was standing there the door of room No. 227, just opposite, opened, and a tall, handsome blond in the morning costume of a widow came out. She held a bunch of flowers in her hand, and after pausing to look her door, she walked quietly to the elevator and disappeared from view. The blond widow was Mrs. John Ellington of Boston.

Two hours later the New Orleans lady stood by a newly-made grave in the cemetery.

"Fresh flowers on his grave!" she exclaimed, with tears in her eyes. "I did not expect it. Poor John was a stranger here, but his kind heart must have won him friends. These flowers show that somebody in this great city loves him and remembers him."

The visitor added another floral tribute to the one on the grave. She remained some little time. Finally with a silent prayer, she left the place, and, entering a carriage, rode back to the hotel.

"I wonder who left the flowers there," she said, after she had reached her room. "When John was killed in that awful railroad disaster, and was buried so far away from home, I was afraid that his grave would be neglected until I could care for it myself. But somebody here loves him. Perhaps one of his fellow travelers."

She removed her bonnet and threw herself into a chair completely exhausted.

"If John had carried any letters with him," she murmured, "the news would have been telegraphed to me, but he was only accidentally identified, and I knew nothing of the horror until I read it in the newspapers. O I cannot bear up under my grief--it will kill me yet."

The next morning the lady from New

Orleans was again in the cemetery. As she turned a corner and came suddenly upon the lonely grave of her husband she saw a black robed figure lay some flowers on the mound. In a moment the two faced each other. The first comer was the tall blonde of room No. 227.

"I must thank you for your thoughtful kindness," said the Louisiana impulsively. "And, O, I am so anxious to learn your name."

"The other looked startled and almost dazed. She glanced at the flowers in the little woman's hand.

"I am Mrs. John Ellington," she answered mechanically.

"How strange. Why, I am Mrs. Ellington."

"I am Mrs. John Ellington," explained the Boston stranger.

"I mean Mrs. John Ellington," said a dead silence fell upon the two. Both turned pale, and they could almost hear each other's heart beats.

"What was John Ellington to you?" asked the blonde sternal.

"He was my husband!"

"There was no response for a full minute, and then came the whisper

"And he was mine!"

"The two gazed into each other's eyes. One produced a locket.

"Look at his face," she said.

"I know," was the sad reply. "Your locket is just like mine. See!"

The two portraits were undoubtedly those of the same man--a handsome face--one that any woman would fall in love with at sight.

The whole story was told when the two Mrs. Ellingtons returned to the hotel. John Ellington's business kept him in the north half of every year and in the south the remainder of the time.

He was a boyish, emotional young fellow, good-hearted, but thoughtless. Two years before his death he had married in Boston during the summer, and the following winter had married again in New Orleans. He was so reckless and so sure that his secret was safe that he had not even changed his name. The two women had their marriage certificates, but they would have believed each other without such proof. They instinctively felt that the truth had come to the Cox mansion.

"Poor John," said Mrs. Ellington of New Orleans, "I cannot blame him for loving you."

"And I know that he could not help his affection for you," was the answer.

"He was very--very good to me."

The blonde took the other's little hand in hers.

"He loved us, and we both loved him," she said softly. "That is enough to know. We cannot judge--we can only forgive."

And then these two sisters of sorrow embraced and spoke lovingly of the dead man, and in their simple, sweet way tried to comfort each other.

A colored woman, bent nearly double with eighty years and a heavy bundle, was seen to board the Cincinnati Mail line packet at Louisville, Ky. the other afternoon, says the Post of that city.

Approaching the clerk of the boat she slowly untied a knot in the corner of her red bandana handkerchief and produced enough cash to purchase a deck ticket for Cincinnati.

The wrinkled and feeble old negroess is the heroine of a romance. In ante-bellum days she was a slave and was owned by a planter near Asheville, N. C. At an early age she was married to a slave of the same master. By him she had several children. Over half a century ago her husband was torn from her and her children and was sold to another planter. The woman continued to work on the North Carolina plantation, and in a short time was again married. Her

whole family was then put on the block and sold to a Virginia man. When the emancipation proclamation was promulgated the family took advantage of their freedom and journeyed northward, finally taking up their home in Louisville. The husband died after the close of the war, and the children one by one left their mother to seek their fortunes elsewhere. The mother toiled and labored to make a livelihood. She heard nothing of her first husband until about a month ago, when one of her sons found that the old man was living in Newport, Ky. The old negroess journeyed thither, and found the husband of her youth: He had also been married the second time, and had several children by the second wife. The latter was dead, however, and the reunited couple decided to again live together. The woman returned to Louisville, disposed of her effects, and yesterday afternoon completed the romance of fifty years by returning to her husband.

A hearing was had before Justice J. R. Devaney of Ellenville, N. J., recently, in a case in which Isaac N. Cox, the principal merchant of the town, and the congressman-elect for the Ulster district play a conspicuous part. Mr. Cox, who is past middle age, married a young Sullivan county belle about two years ago, brought her to Ellenville and established her in a handsome mansion, says a dispatch from Middletown, N. J., to the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. The bride and groom began housekeeping by a grand reception of their friends from far and near. After dark, and while the festivities were in progress, some malicious person smeared the gateway and the walks approaching the mansion, and the porch also, with a compound of fish oil and lamp-black, to the ruin of the dresses of the lady guests and of the costly carpets and other furniture in the house. On several occasions since then acts of malicious mischief of a similar character have been perpetrated on the premises, but, strange to say, no earnest effort has been made until very recently toward detecting and punishing the offender.

It was recalled by gossip that for ten or twelve years before his marriage Mr. Cox had paid marked attentions to Mrs. Sarah Melville, an attractive widow of the village, and it was long thought they were engaged to be married. People talked of the annoyances of which Mr. Cox was the victim as the revenge of a jilted woman, and there was little feeling of surprise when on the night of October 11 last it was announced that the widow Melville had been caught in the very act of smearing the approaches to the Cox mansion.

The hearing had before Justice Devaney on Friday was on complaint for alleged assault and battery made by the widow Melville against James J. Thorp. The complainant testified that on the night named, while she was passing along the street in front of the Cox mansion, the defendant seized her violently and dragged her into the dooryard, pinching her arms black and blue and shocking her nervous system. She denied that on that or any other occasion she had committed any malicious mischief of the character indicated on the premises.

The defendant testified that on the night in question he was employed by Mr. Cox to watch the house, and that he caught Mrs. Melville in the act of smearing a compound on the walk leading from the gateway to the porch. He produced an old tomato can in court which he alleged the widow used in the operation. Mrs. Cox corroborated him by testifying that she saw and identified Mrs. Melville as the person captured by Thorp.

Justice Devaney decided promptly against the widow by dismissing her complaint and discharging Thorp.

There was a romantic elopement from near Campbell Hall Station, on the Onondaga railway, from the other night. Mr. John Lord is a well-to-do farmer there, having three children, two boys and a girl. Jennie Lord is a bright, well-educated and pretty blonde of nineteen years. For a year or so previous to the elopement she had two devoted suitors. One was Asa McElroy, a young widower of the neighborhood, of excellent character and having some means. The other was her cousin, Samuel Ewing, a jolly, good-looking, rather wild young fellow who was employed in the Lawrence creamery near by. The girl's parents favored the sedate and well-to-do suitor, and she apparently acquiesced in their choice. The wedding day was set and invitations to witness the ceremony were sent to all their friends. Mr. Ewing left from the house of his father on Monday afternoon, and the wedding gown was brought home to the expecting bride.

Miss Lord put on her bridal robes and showed herself thus arrayed to a number of lady callers. She was in high spirits and chatted gaily about her nuptials as arranged for the morrow. Along in the evening the expectant bridegroom called upon her. She had retired to her room an hour or so before. Mrs. Lord went to her room to call her and found her with her cousin, the young lady and her bridal garments, carrying off the best of her wedding trousseau with her. On a table in the room she left a gold watch and chain and other valuables which had been given her by the lover whom she so summarily jilted.

When the young lady and her cousin Ewing were waiting near by a fast team. The pair were driven rapidly to this place, where they were married, and then boarded a fast Erie train westward bound. It is conjectured that they have gone to California, where they have near relatives living.

An attempt at murder and suicide was the sequel to a love story in Woburn, Mass., the other evening.

Hannah Dillon, a handsome young woman, who was thrown aside by James M. Callahan, a switchman on the Boston and Maine road, visited his station with the intention of killing her lover and then herself.

She threw herself in front of the approaching express train knowing that he would rush to her rescue. After she had been carried to a place of safety and while her lover's arms were still around her, she drew a revolver and pressing it to his breast fired two shots, but neither shot took effect. Callahan saw the flash of the weapon in the light of the headlights of an engine which dashed past, and in some unaccountable way he suddenly turned and the bullets penetrated only his clothing.

Again the infuriated woman fired, and again her victim escaped death. Then followed a desperate struggle for possession of the weapon, and the man's superior strength saved his life. The woman was overpowered and locked up. She was intoxicated, and her act was then believed to be only a drunken freak, but today she told the story of her deliberate plotting to kill.

Ten years ago Hannah Dillon and James Callahan were schoolmates, and after they had been graduated from Cummings' school their friendship ripened into more intimate relationship. But when he refused to marry her she watched night after night to kill him, but her courage disappeared when the opportunity came. "A woman can com-

mit almost any sin for love," she concluded.

Miss Jennie Barrows of Keyport, N. J., was wed Mr. Morris Weinstein, but young Benjamin Robinson in the meantime won her love; and they both mysteriously disappeared on the wedding night and left the would-be groom awaiting at the altar for the bride. But Mr. Weinstein and Miss Barrows were man and wife, although her former lover stood by and saw them joined together. Miss Barrows is a stout and handsome-looking young lady. She went to Keyport from New York about six months ago. She became acquainted with Morris Weinstein, who supports a gang of men employed at Lorillard's brick works. His visits were quite frequent, and they decided to wed on Sunday evening, November 9. Two weeks before the wedding day Benjamin Robinson, who is in the employ of Harris' clothing establishment, paid marked attention to Miss Jennie, and told her that he would make her rich if she would become his wife and discard Weinstein. Nightly he pleaded with her, and his visits became so frequent that Robinson ordered him from the house, where she was boarding. Robinson met his sweetheart in the street, and she promised to be true to him. All this was unknown to Weinstein, and when Sunday evening came all arrangements were made and Rev. Mr. Wolf of New York city, was in readiness to perform the ceremony. The groom appeared, and was surprised in not meeting with his bride. They waited till 9 o'clock, with the same result. The next day it was learned that the young lady and Robinson were missing. Weinstein almost went into hysterics. Isenberg, brother-in-law to the missing lady, sought her and brought her home. Weinstein was present, and after some explanation, the couple were again happy. Last night they were made and wife in the presence of about fifty people. Robinson was present, and when seen by Weinstein was ordered from the house, but refused to go. After a little discussion he returned, and Robinson made his exit. While the bride stood at the altar and the clergyman read the marriage vow she began crying most piteously and was hardly able to answer the questions necessary.

A shooting affray in which a western Lochinvar and his stolen bride came out best is reported from the southern part of the public land strip, says a Buffalo, O. T., dispatch to the Globe-Democrat. Mary Carson has been the belle of the section and all the young men have aspired to her hand, but the parents were cold to all comers until a wealthy cattleman named Royson made known his intentions of paying court to the young lady. His suit was favored by the girl's father and mother, but the suitor to whom the girl showed preference was a young and handsome herder, who had nothing but his monthly wages on which to live. The persistent wooing of the cattleman and the coercion of the parents caused the lovers much unhappiness. After holding out against every married form that was taken out of the ruins to discover the lifeless features of his bride. But in this he was disappointed, and, hopeless and broken in spirit, he left and settled in California. In the meantime, after undergoing months of mental agony, Mrs. Stalcott had given up her husband for lost. Each thinking that the other was buried beneath the ruins of Johnstown, the couple drifted apart, settling on a California ranch, while she returned to some of her relatives in Massachusetts. A short time ago, through a mutual friend in Memphis, Tenn., news of the husband, whom she had long given up for dead, was received by the sorrowing

part hot chase was begun, and a large party soon got on the trail of the fleeing couple. The girl had dressed herself in a suit of men's clothes and was riding astride beside her lover, both being heavily armed. A running fight ensued on the plains, in which old man Carson and one of his herders were shot slightly, and Royson had his horse killed under him. This proceeding drove back the pursuers, and the couple rode into Buffalo where they were made husband and wife.

A peculiar decision was handed down by the district judge the other day, says a Deer Lodge, Mont., correspondent of the Anaconda Standard. By this it is not meant that the decision was not sound law, but only peculiar in that the facts upon which it was based were strange and peculiar. It appears that one Francis S. Smith brought suit in the district court of this county about 1888 and obtained a judgment of divorce against his wife, Julia C. Smith, who then lived in Wisconsin. Now Julia C. Smith has applied to the court to have the decree of divorce set aside and to be restored to her marital rights on the ground that the court had been deceived by her husband's perjured testimony and fraud, and for other defects appearing upon the face of the proceedings. It appears from the petition of Julia C. Smith that she and Francis were married in 1877 at Racine, Wis., where she has ever since resided; that she and her husband continued to reside there until twelve children were born to them, he in the meantime becoming quite prosperous in business. In 1882 Francis became enamored of a woman by the name of Saphier, and finally, in 1884, left his home and abandoned his family, and joined the woman Saphier and left, it is supposed, for Montana. This was the last heard of him until 1889, when he returned to his home, sought forgiveness, and was received into the bosom of his family, and after that lived with his wife as her husband. He lived with her till in January of this year, when he died. It was after his death that she heard of her husband's divorce, and immediately instituted proceedings to have the decree set aside, with the result that the court granted her petition and restored her to her marital rights.

James Stalcott was a rising young mechanic of Johnstown, Pa. Miss Minnie Apperson was a young lady of unusual beauty when their courtship began. Stalcott by economy and thrift had just finished providing himself with a home, which, though himself in prosperous enough circumstances to marry. Miss Apperson looked with favor on the suit of the young mechanic and the couple were married a few days before the Johnstown disaster. Their honeymoon was rudely broken in the ruin that overwhelmed that town and in the confusion and terror of that awful catastrophe husband and wife were torn asunder, and each thought that the other had perished. For weeks Stalcott walked about the place, expecting in every married form that was taken out of the ruins to discover the lifeless features of his bride. But in this he was disappointed, and, hopeless and broken in spirit, he left and settled in California. In the meantime, after undergoing months of mental agony, Mrs. Stalcott had given up her husband for lost. Each thinking that the other was buried beneath the ruins of Johnstown, the couple drifted apart, settling on a California ranch, while she returned to some of her relatives in Massachusetts. A short time ago, through a mutual friend in Memphis, Tenn., news of the husband, whom she had long given up for dead, was received by the sorrowing

Dr. Birney, nose and throat. See bldg.

Sad Fate of an Indian Maiden.

The life of the Mission Indian maiden is not altogether a happy one, especially if she is pretty, judging from the fact which befell a comely daughter of the tribe at Mesa Grande recently, says the San Diego Union.

The most comely young maiden belonging to the clan. This was practiced here recently in this case it was a young girl about thirteen years of age, whose race was nearly as white as my own and whose long tresses would have graced the head of a queen. She has been attending school at one of the white schools of the neighborhood for several years, and is as well educated as the average country maiden of that age as far as school books go.

"But alas, when at home she is in that hot land of rice, the Indian rancher and all the outside influence comes for naught in countering the pernicious influences which surround her there. A huge fire was built and the usual preliminaries of greasing, chanting, flat-footed stamping and all that sort of jugglery that is common on such occasions was gone through with in extra horror on this occasion, and while this was in progress the fire had burned down somewhat and lost its fiercest heat.

As it reached this stage a huge pile of very green brush was brought and thrown upon the fire, "making the most blinding smoke you can walk through, and while this is at its height the Indian maiden is bound and is thrown over the smoldering green brush, and amid the most demoniac cries and shouts she is thrown thereon, and the whole mad crowd vie with each other in piling brush over her until, in this case, it was as high and broad as a squatter's cabin. Of course all this brush is green, and is not calculated to create the heat, but only to come as near to it as they dare. The smoke is enough to kill anyone but an Indian, and if the fire should blaze up, as green brush sometimes does, nothing can save her from instant death. It was a terrible scene, and all this in the midst of a civilized community that is constantly contributing to foreign missions."

Dr. Birney, nose and throat. See bldg.